

## Tolerate It

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# Tolerate It

by [Stars\\_In\\_Your\\_Eyes](#)

## Summary

*Tolerate it*

*I sit and watch you reading with your head low*

“Hey guys. What are you doing?”

*I take your indiscretions all in good fun*

“Lance are you even listening?” Comes the sharp voice.

Lance flinches internally. He had been listening. Deep breaths.

*You’re so much older and wiser and I*

Keith’s here.

Lance breathes out slowly, feeling a light ignite inside him after so long.

*I know my love should be celebrated*

*But you Tolerate it*

Lance feeling unimportant. Surrounded by the ones he most loves

## Notes

Heyyy!

This fic got way angstier than I expected. Tolerate is a such a beautiful and fragile song and I wanted to explore it on Lance's pov. Set on season 6.

I don't take credit for the lyrics.

Listen to the song while reading it if you wanna cry with me.

Hope you like it<3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*Tolerate it*

*I sit and watch you reading with your head low*

“Hey guys. What are you doing?”

It has been two days since Lance spoke to any of them out of meetings and missions.

Pidge and Hunk are in the lab, tinkering with a big hulking piece of metal with too many wires.

He remembered before, when they all sat together. Him filling the silence with chatter. Hunk listening to him while working on a part and gushing about new recipes he’s come up with or about another pipe that broke in the castle spewing acid. Pidge glued to her computer screen, occasionally bursting out in joy and babbling non-stop about a new breakthrough.

Lance didn’t know how long ago that was.

“Ugh Lance! Don’t you have someone else to bother? You won’t get this anyway.” Pidge grumbled, not looking up.

Hunk gave him a little smile. “Sorry buddy. This is taking a lot of time than I thought. Maybe we can hang out later?”

He said the same thing a week before. He didn’t show up.

*I sit and watch you*

“Yeah sure guys. I won’t bother you. See you later.”

The door closes behind him before he lets it sting.

It’s fine.

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*I take your indiscretions all in good fun*

“Lance are you even listening?” Comes the sharp voice.

Lance flinches internally. He had been listening. Deep breaths.

“Of course I was Princess. How could I not listen to you?” He threw in some finger guns.

A while ago it would have made her roll her eyes, cracking a smile. Let her loosen up a little.

Now furious eyes look back at him, rigid.

“Lance this is not funny. We are fighting for millions of lives here. You shouldn’t be taking it as a joke.” Shiro says back, scolding. His eyes distant than they ever were.

*I sit and watch you*

“So immature Lance.” Pidge laughs a little under her breath. Hunk is looking at Shiro, nervous.

*And notice everything you do and don’t do*

Deep breaths. Ignore it. They’re stressed. You can take it.

“Sorry Shiro.”

They all go back to listening, no one saying anything.

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—

*You’re so much older and wiser and I*

“Altean pod, identify yourself.” Shiro says, the command clear.

The hologram shows a painfully familiar figure.

“Shiro, it’s Keith.”

Keith’s here.

Lance breathes out slowly, feeling a light ignite inside him after so long.

“He’s bigger right? He looks bigger.”

It’s all a rush till he’s standing in the dock, in front of the pod.

*I greet you with a battle Hero’s welcome*

The pod opens up, long(longer than before) legs coming out.

*Wait by the door like I’m just a kid*

He’s moving forward before he realizes it.

“Wait how do we know it’s the real Keith and not his bigger, cooler, grizzled older brother?”

*Use my best colours for your portrait*

He looks good.

*I know my love should be celebrated*

He’s not looking at him.

“I don’t have time for this Lance.” Brushes roughly past him. That’s it.

“Hey everybody Keith’s back.”

After two months.

*You tolerate it*

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*While you were out building worlds where was I?*

He’s really changed a lot.

“Who’s going to pilot the Black lion?”

“I will.”

Lance watches him run towards the Black lion, not looking back once.

Not looking towards his right. Beside him.

The battle’s hard. Quick. Doesn’t make it any easier.

“Is that, a wormhole?” Pidge asks looking at the new one opening in shock.

“It’s Haggar. It has to be. She must have gained the ability.” Shit.

A rough voice cuts through.

“We can’t worry about that now. We have to get Shiro back.”

He’s determined. Narrow minded too.

*Where’s that man who’d throw blankets over my barbed wire*

The thrusters speed them up. They’re speeding towards the wormhole.

“We’re halfway through our burn”

Faster.

“Twenty five per cent!”

Won’t be enough.

“Fifteen per cent”

“Eight per cent”

Lance shouts through, grunting. “We’re not going to make it!”

*I made you my temple, my mural, my sky*

“Disband”

No.

“The energy from disconnecting might create enough thrust to propel me through the wormhole.”

He was right.

“You’ll be the only one on the other side!”

No

“Do it!”

He doesn’t give them the choice.

Lance pushes forward, his heart weighing down.

He made it. To the other side. Out of their reach.

*Now I’m begging for footnotes in the story of your life*

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“Are you ok man?” Lance asks. They’re sitting alone in the med bay. Shiro’s in the pod. Keith’s beside him.

“I’m fine Lance.” He’s not. Whatever he went through, it must have been hard. Maybe too much.

“You know you can tell me anything right?” Lance asks him again, silent.

*Tell me if it's all in my head somehow*

Keith waves his hand at him. Dismissive. Shut off.

Lance doesn't want to push him.

*Tell me I've got it wrong somehow*

“You know, like old days, you the leader, me your right hand man.”

When I was useful. When I did something that mattered at least a little. Tell me it was real.

*I know my love should be celebrated*

“Shiro's back now Lance. It's all back to normal. You don't have to do this anymore.”

Lance doesn't think any more about it in his room. The tears welling up silently in his eyes, in the cover of darkness consume him. Numbs him to sleep.

*But you tolerate it*

---

*Always taking up too much space or time*

“We have received a transmission from Afesians. They require Voltron's help.”

“When do we have to leave?” Keith.

“In just two Vargas. Get ready Paladins.” Her voice is all business.

“Um Princess?” Shiro speaks up. “Who are going? We only have five lions. But there are...”

Too many of us.

Allura's eyes widen. “Oh yes. Who wishes to stay back then?”

*You assume I'm fine*

“Not me. You need me for tech support.” Pidge calls out, typing away in her computer.

“We need to do a lot of lifting for repair work. Yellow is best with heavy load.” Hunk interjects.



Allura frowns. "But we need me and Shiro for this. They are tough to crack. We need all the diplomats we can get."

"We need Keith too, if there's a battle. He's fastest with Red."

The realization comes too late for others.

"Wait." Keith speaks up, a frown in his face. "The Red lion belongs to Lance now. I can't take it."

"I'm sure Lance would give it to you Keith. You're more suited to it." Lance bites his lip down.

*But what would you do if I,*

"Yeah, plus I don't think he'd be much useful for diplomacy either. Unless the Afesians consider bad flirting acceptable." His nails are digging into his hands.

*Break free and let us in ruins*

"Oh man we cannot deal with another flirting disaster. No offence buddy."

*Took this dagger in me and removed it*

Allura rolls her eyes at that. Annoyed. "Yes I suppose there would be less messes to deal with then."

*Gained the wait of you then lose it*

He feels like he can't breathe. His throat closes up.

"What do you say Lance?" They all turn to him, the decision already made in their minds.

Deep breath. In and out.

*Believe me I could do it*

"Yeah, it's fine. You guys go ahead."

They all look relieved.

"I can stay behind."

*I sit and watch you*

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## End Notes

Soooo.... I'm sorry?

Even though I got really sad writing this I'm really proud of how it came out. I adored this song so wanted the best for it.

Half of the things are not even too ooc, things that actually happened in the show which kinda makes it even sadder.

Even I hate the fact that I made Keith coming back way more heartbreaking. Oops.

Tell me what you thought! Let me know what other songs you'd like!!!!

Thanks for reading!!!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!